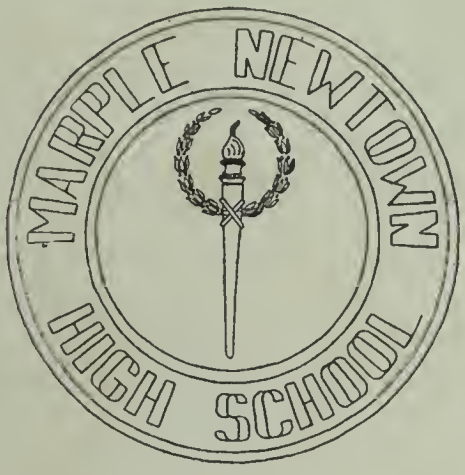
The Mar-News



Commencement Number

1930

THE MARPLE-NEWTOWN Loan & Building Association

Meets Second Tuesday of Each Month in the High School

Loans without the extra cost of a commission may be arranged by direct application to the Board of Directors.

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New Series Issued

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Newtown Square, Pa.

Hardware

General Merchandise

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS
OF THE SCHOOLS OF MARPLE AND NEWTOWN
NEWTOWN SQUARE, PA.

THE STAFF

EDWARD O'NEILL, *Editor*

Assistant Editors	*Business Managers*	*Assistant Business Managers*
Robert McLaughlin	Eugene Ewing	Charles Wallace
Ruth Harvey	Wade Nelson	Charles Russell

CLASS EDITORS

Wade Nelson	Jane Elliott
Dorothy Yerger	Grant Schnerr
Barclay Thomas	Edith Clark
George Ortlip	Agnes Thomas

FACULTY ADVISER
MR. WORRALL

EDITORIAL

Graduation has come. Again a class has left school and is facing the world. Some may go on to higher schools of learning; others may go into some sort of business. They will always look back on their high school days with a great deal of fondness.

When our time comes to leave school, what will we leave behind us? Will we have done our best to get along in school or not? Backgrounds formed in school are very important and we should try to take advantage of our opportunities, play fair, and work hard. If we do these things, when our time comes to leave school we may look back without sorrow on our past school life.

Graduation is a combination of sadness and joy, but if we have a good background from school, we will be able to fight our way to the top.

To the Graduating Class we give our sincerest wishes for good luck and success in everything they undertake after leaving high school.

THE EDITOR.

ELSIE M. ATZ

Marple, Pa.

General

January 20, 1913

Class Secretary—'27, '28
Glee Club—'28, '29
Dramatics—'29, '30

Elsie has been always willing to help anyone. Although she did not play in the games, she always tried to do her part for the good of the school. She is going to Drexel next year. Here's to her good luck!

CONRAD BOWERS

Philadelphia, Pa.

General

January 26, 1913

Declamation Contest—'27
Valedictorian

"Connie," the bright pupil of the class, is always prepared with his lessons. Anything you don't know ask Connie; he will give you an earful. Connie expects to go to college where we know he will keep up this good work.

EMMA E. BROADBELT

Whitehorse, Pa.

Commercial

July 7, 1911

Glee Club—'29, '30
Oratorical Contest—'28, '29
Dramatics—'29, '30

Emma has always been active in everything that the class has taken up. We hope she will go far in her business career.

PAMPHILIO G. DE CECCO

Philadelphia, Pa.

General

January 5, 1911

Although "Pam" takes no active part in sports you will always see him around the games somewhere. Always willing—that's "Pam." He has decided that he is going to college, but does not know just where. We know he will go far.

EDNA GAUL

Philadelphia, Pa.

Commercial

March 25, 1912

Glee Club—'28
Dramatics—'30
Basketball—'29, '30
Typing Medals—'29, '30

"Eddie" has speed! Whenever anyone wanted anything typed, Eddie was always called on to do it. She is going to enter the business world, and we know she will keep up the good speed that she learned at Marple-Newtown.

THOMAS S. HATTON

Philadelphia, Pa.

Commercial

September 28, 1910

Basketball—'27, '28; Capt. '29, '30
Baseball—'27, '28; Mgr. '29; Capt. '30
Football—'28
Track—27, '28, '29
Class President—'28, '30
A. A. President—'29, '30
A. A. Treasurer—'28
Business Mgr. of Mar-News—'28, '29

"Tom," our athlete, has led the class in sports, and we hope that he will go higher in this line. Tom has made many friends and will go far. He intends to do clerical work when he is finished and will sueeeed we know.

DOROTHY R. KEOUGH

Philadelphia, Pa.

Commercial

October 24, 1911

Basketball—'27, '28, '29, '30
Dramatics—'26, '28, '30
Class Secretary—'28, '29, 30
Declamation—'26
Candy Manager—'30
Typing Medals—'29, '30
Third Honor

"Dot," one of the star basketball players of the Senior Class, has been interested in everything the class had to do. She has been our candy manager and has been very successful in bringing the money. Dot intends to enter the business world. Good luck, Dot!

WYNN H. LEWIS

Newtown Square, Pa.

General

July 16, 1912

Orchestra—'27, '28, '29, '30
Dramatics—'28, '29, '30
Baseball—'28
Chorus—'27, 28, '29, '30

"Squint"—Music is his middle name, and he has already started to climb the ladder of success. The Delaware County Symphony Orchestra has already taken him in as a good player. With this start he will be a leader in no time.

RUTH L. MILES

Atlantic City, N. J.

Commercial

March 29, 1910

Vice President of Class—'27, '28
Glee Club—'27, '28

Ruth has done well in her school work and has also taken part in all school activities. She intends to enter a hospital and become a nurse. With her quiet ways we know she will make a good person to aid the sick and ailing.

WADE L. NELSON

Cane Creek, Tenn.

General

January 8, 1910

Dramatics—'28, '29, '30
Baseball—'29, '30
Football—'27, '28
Declamation Contest—'29
Class Editor—'29, '30
Perfect Attendance—'30
Business Manager of Mar-News—'30

"Wade" has tried almost every sport in the school, but where he shines is in baseball. Although he could not make the team in basketball he was always there to cheer his schoolmates on. Wade wants to be a writer. Success is what we wish him

ELEANOR L. ORTLIP

Philadelphia, Pa.

Commercial

November 1, 1910

Dramatics—'29, '30
Basketball—'27; Capt. '28, '29, '30
Track—'28, '29, '30
Captain of Black—28, '29, '30
Class President—28, '29
Class Editor—'27
Asst. Candy Manager—'30

"Rusty" is the basketball star and girl athlete of the Senior Class. She is always ready to help everybody. She is one of our best bookkeepers, and we hope she may progress in this field when she enters the business world.

JAMES PENROSE

Salem, Ohio

General

July 12, 1911

Literary Club—'26, '27
Basketball and Track—'27, '28, '29
Glee Club—'28, '29
Operetta—'30

"Silent Jimmie" has not been with us long, but he has made many friends. Jimmie intends to go to college; we hope he will make good.

EMMA L. RIGGINS

Boothwyn, Pa.

Commercial

May 19, 1911

Class Treasurer—'28, '29, '30
Dramatics—'28, '29, '30
Declamation Contest—'30
Typing Medals—'30
Salutatorian

Emma is the dramatist of the Senior Class. She was always interested in dramatics and has taken several parts. She intends to enter the busines world, and we know she will make good because of her excellent work in school.

MARY E. CHUDLEIGH

General

February 3, 1913

"Mary" left us at midyear to go to California. She was well liked in the class and we were sorry to see her go.

CLASS PROPHECY

After traveling around the country for some ten years, I plodded wearily along Broadway in New York to my hotel, the Ritzmore.

I stopped at the desk to exchange a few words with the clerk, only to be halted by a tap on the shoulder. Little did I realize what a treat was in store for me. Of all persons of the millions which inhabited the universe, there stood Connie Bowers!

After an attempt at the usual greetings I was halted by Connie, who told me to close my mouth, as it made too much draft, at the same time informing me that he would tell me the duties of my classmates of 1930.

Tom Hatton, my old cell-mate, missed the exercise he used to get at Marple-Newtown, when he started to work for the Penn Mutual. Not being able to stand this, he started to work for the A's, where he burned things up and became the regular third sacker of the World Champs.

Pam De Cecco, the mathematical wizard, entered the great M. I. T., where he was a first-class student.

After completing his course there, he started to work for the A. T. & T. Co., soon to be sent to foreign lands to help transcontinental and transoceanic television, which he helped to develop. He is making such a success of this that he is leading up to the presidency of the company.

Wynn Lewis went abroad to study music, at which he was very successful. He became such a great artist that he returned home, to become a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra. A short term of service and he was seen as the leader.

Silent Jim Penrose came to even greater fame than Sherlock Holmes; that accounts for his eighty-five thousand per year.

Connie was quite surprised when I informed him that I had come to New York to publish my book, "The Adventures of a Marple-Newtownian." His surprise was nothing compared to mine when he informed me that he had become United States Senator. I told him that he would argue himself into something some day.

John D. Rockefeller advertised for a private secretary. Of course, Dot Keough was there, but that wasn't all, for she made such a hit with the old man that money flew her way, especially after his death, leaving her several millions.

Elsie Atz accidentally swallowed a volume of Byron's poems; now she writes her own and would make Shakespeare feel foolish. But what is the difference, you know how we just love poetry.

Mr. Harvey left Marple-Newtown for a better position in one of Philadelphia's leading high schools. Due to this exchange Eddie Gaul was assigned to the position and made a big success of it, although she left the coaching duties to someone else.

Henry Ford's business became so extensive that he advertised for an expert bookkeeper. Emma Riggins answered this call to work and landed the position. She handled the work so completely that his business increased still more, and then some. This was due to the bookkeeper, not to the Fords.

You can imagine my surprise when he told me that Eleanor Ortlip was a coach of Girls' athletics in Stanford University in California. She has turned out the world's champion basketball team.

Emma Broadbelt is also in the ranks of good stenographers and is making a lot of money.

These are all of the whys and wherefores of the Class of 1930, wise and otherwise.

THE THIRTEEN MUSKETEERS.

CLASS WILL

We, the Seniors of Marple-Newtown High School, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, hereby make and publish this our last will and testament.

We leave the buildings of M. N. and the equipment to our successors, trusting that they will use them to their best advantage.

To the new Seniors we leave the commercial room. Keep it as neat as we did. And How!

Take care of the typewriters, girls, because they will help you to earn your bread and butter some day.

Edna Gaul consents to leave her typing ability to Elizabeth Gaynor.

Tom Hatton leaves his athletic ability to Arthur Maule. Make the best of it, "Maulie."

Emma Broadbelt's singing ability we will to Virginia Burgess.

Wynn leaves his gondola and his love for music to Eugene Ewing.

"Pam" De Cecco wills his power among women to Charlie Russell.

The dramatic ability of Emma Riggins we duly leave to Kate Kirk.

Ruth Miles leaves her good nature and silence to Betty Clark. Betty does not need it but we are kind.

Connie Bowers wills his ability to argue to Minnie Maule.

James Penrose wills his portion of the sheds to Tommy Hibbard.

Dot Keough leaves her shorthand ability to Jo. Wiggins. Be sure to use it, Jo.

Wade's humor and cheering ability go to Charlie Wallace.

Eleanor Ortlip's athletic ability we leave with regrets to May Steinmetz.

Elsie Atz wills her dignity to Ruth Harvey—but not all of it, as she will need some next year.

In witness whereof we have set our hands and seals this 18th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and thirty.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of

THE SENIORS, '30.

IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

We were off. Very early Wednesday morning, at half-past seven; the crew was on deck at the High School. We piled ourselves and our baggage into waiting cars. Thence to the Chester station of the P. R. R. At 7.45 (Standard Time) our limited pulled out of Chester, leaving the Media High Seniors and ourselves stranded aboard our private car.

By 10.30 we had reached our destination. Our trunks and hat boxes were transferred to the Driscoll Hotel, as we walked to the Capitol. And we were lucky! That is, we thought we were, until we actually had seen the Senate convene.

It was a long ride from Washington through Arlington Cemetery, where we viewed the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and on to Mount Vernon. Here we had more than an hour in which to wander about the historic estate of General Washington.

Shortly after 5 o'clock we were being steamed up the Potomac. At the Driscoll all made a dive for dinner. Nine hours is quite enough to make anyone hungry.

A trifle more service would not have spoiled matters; but, then, the Driscoll is located right across from the park, so that makes up for it (at night).

Well, we couldn't help visiting Glen-Echo, Washington's famed amusement park, that evening.

Thursday morning awoke to find us in the Patio of the Pan-American Building, listening to the parrots. This (not they) is one of the prettiest, inside and out, of all the buildings in Washington.

We visited several museums before luncheon.

Glad were we to start for Annapolis. It was a long ride, but the busses were comfortable. We watched (and of course photographed) the handsome cadets drill. The return trip passed rapidly, particularly as our guide joined us in the back of the bus.

That evening we saw the Constitution and Declaration of Independence through specially colored glass in the Library of Congress.

Friday began right for us, in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Here are engraved some millions of dollars in notes and printed some two billions of postage stamps daily. We Seniors intend to buy up the business.

From millions of dollars, we climbed still higher, to 555 feet 8⅛ inches, at the top of the monument. And believe me (that's us) that is the highest ⅜ of one inch that you will ever have to climb.

At the White House we received special permission to view the Red, Green, and Blue Guest Parlors, and the States Dining Room.

In the afternoon we visited the group of museums centering about the Smithsonian Institution.

"The Cuckoos" entertained us that evening in Washington's finest talking picture house.

Came the dawn. Came the busses. We were off on a long sightseeing trip. We visited several cathedrals, escaped the keepers at the zoo, and called at the Lincoln Memorial. How appropriate to build a fitting tribute to each of our greatest patriots at either end of a slender reflecting pool!

We beat the rain to Union Station, where at 4 o'clock we had to bid farewell to our wonderful Capital.

We dined in a real dining car from Baltimore to Chester.

At Chester we parted with memories of happy days, ever to attract us back once again, and ever to live in the deep recesses of the "old top."

B-A-S-E-B-A-L-L

Marple-Newtown started its spring practice with 20 boys reporting. As there were only a few positions to be filled, every boy set down to work with those positions as his aim. The regulars were backed by the good showing of Tobin, Yerger, McLaren, Wilds, Moore, Worrall and Davidson. The marvelous pitching of Raymond Ortlip featured the season. "Ray" struck out 174 opposing batters in 16 games, for an average of about 11 per game.

The superior coaching of Mr. Harvey is now showing as the team finishes another successful season with only three defeats out of 16 games.

The outlook for the 1931 baseball season looks promising, because only two members expect to leave; namely, Captain "Tom" Hatton and Wade Nelson.

The work of Marple-Newtown nine follows in a brief resume of each game:

Schwenksville, 8; Marple-Newtown, 7.

For the opening game of the season Marple-Newtown motored to Schwenksville. The scoring opened in the second inning with Hatton, after being walked, pushed around by the singles of Nelson and Hibberd. Scoring continued as Ewing, McLaughlin and Bradley knocked doubles in a row. After batting completely around, the visiting nine collected six runs as their trophy in the second inning. At the end of the fifth the home team started scoring and totaled seven runs. One run was brought in by each team before the end, thus leaving the score seven to eight, with the home team as victors.

North Wales, 0; Marple-Newtown, 5.

Probably one of the best pitched games of the season was when North Wales visited Larchmont. "Ray" Ortlip, in spite of the cold weather, baffled North Wales so that they were unable to score. Five runs were scored by the home nine.

Spring City, 2; Marple-Newtown, 9.

Another pitching sensation was supplied us by "Ray" in our game with Spring City, when "Ray" Ortlip struck out 21 batters to the opponents' nine. Spring City was only able to account for six hits and two runs, which were scored toward the end of the game. The home team totaled 11 hits and nine runs.

Glen-Nor, 6; Marple-Newtown, 5.

This game was started with Glen-Nor batting around and collecting three runs. Then Hatton, who contributed two triples and a double, started his team by scoring in the second, Glen-Nor gathering three more in the fourth, thereby closing their scoring. In the eighth the visitors made their final try for victory, bringing in four runs. The game ended with the score 6-7, favoring Glen-Nor.

St. Katherine's, 3; Marple-Newtown, 4.

The St. Katherine game was started with our boys very confident of an easy victory; but, much to our surprise, it turned out to be a very close battle. Our scoring started when McLaughlin led off with a double and was sent home with the first home run of the season, knocked by Captain Hatton. Bradley and McLaughlin scored two more runs. St. Katherine's collected two in the sixth, leaving the final score 3-4, favoring Marple-Newton.

Eddystone, 15; Marple-Newtown, 24.

In this game Ortlip was relieved by McLaughlin in the seventh. Bob struck out four men and showed that he was a capable relief pitcher. Home runs were knocked by Nelson, Bradley, Ray Ortlip and Hatton. Marple-Newtown had 22 hits and Eddystone 12. The final score was 15-24, with the visitors taking away another victory.

St. Katherine's, 4; Marple-Newtown, 10.

Marple-Newtown opened its second game with St. Katherine's by Hatton knocking a double, followed by a triple of Whitehead, sending home three runs. St. Katherine made her comeback by collecting three

runs in the third. Marple-Newtown totaled seven runs more, while St. Katherine only scored one more.

Friends' Select, 0; Marple-Newtown, 9.

Again the pitching of Ortlip featured as he held Friends' Select scoreless and only allowed them three hits. The batters of Marple-Newtown went to work and brought home nine runs.

St. Matthew's, 1; Marple-Newtown, 9.

Ray Ortlip pitched a one-hit-one-run game, as Marple-Newtown defeated St. Matthew's. Bradley started the scoring with a triple and was sent home by Hibberd. The big inning was the fifth, when Marple-Newtown crossed the "pan" five times. Their only run was scored by St. Matthew's in the fifth on a wild pitch.

St. Agnes, 2; Marple-Newtown, 13.

The dazzling speed of Ortlip sent the first nine batters of St. Agnes to the bench via the strike-out route. Ray fanned 16 batters during the game. Ewing opened up with a single, then scored on a wild throw. Whitehead, in the second, drove a triple to start the inning, in which his team totaled five runs. In this game all players of M.-N. added at least one run and one hit to their list.

BASEBALL TEAM

Top row—Wilds, McLaughlin, Hibberd, Yerger, Mr. Harvey, coach.

Middle row—G. Ortlip, Ewing, Bradley, Hatton, captain; R. Ortlip, Nelson Whitehead.

Bottom row—MacLaren, Worrall, Davidson, Moore.

Nether Providence, 1; Marple-Newtown, 6.

Marple-Newtown's ninth victim of the season was our old rival, Nether Providence, beaten by the count of 6-1.

The scoring started in the second, when Bradley doubled and Hib-

berd followed suit, scoring Bradley. Three runs were scored by Bradley and the other three by Hatton, Hibberd and R. Ortlip. Nether Providence made their count in the sixth, when Morton scored on a hit after being walked.

Prospect Park, 3; Marple-Newtown, 2.

Marple-Newtown was nosed out by Prospect Park during a game played at Prospect Park. Hibberd and Bradley scored the only counters for the Orange and Black. Prospect Park gathered their runs from two walks and an error.

St. Matthew's, 6; Marple-Newtown, 7.

For the first time in history, Marple-Newtown scored its second consecutive victory over the strong Conshohocken nine. Marple-Newtown opened up the scoring with Hibberd in the second frame. Doubles were knocked by Ewing, R. Ortlip, Whitehead, totaling four runs. In the fourth St. Matthew's batted around, scoring five runs. At the last half of the seventh the score was 5-6, with Marple-Newtown on the small end. Hatton was the first up and got a single, then Bradley knocked a double, sending Hatton home. Bradley scored himself on an overthrow. This left the score 6-7, favoring M.-N. Hatton caught remarkably well in the absence of Bradley, while Ewing proved himself to be a very capable infielder.

Spring City, 3; Marple-Newtown, 5.

Another exciting game was played when Marple-Newtown went to Spring City. In the third inning M.-N. started to score with two down. Hatton banged a triple, sending home McLaughlin and Nelson, who got on through singles. Hatton was sent home by a single of G. Ortlip. Marple-Newtown crossed the plate five times in that inning. Spring City made a strong comeback by getting the bases loaded. Ortlip tightened up and struck out the next two batters. The last batter was put out on a short infield hit. This left the Spring City nine with their second defeat at the hands of Marple-Newtown by a score of 3-5.

North Wales, 0; Marple-Newtown, 2.

Raymond Ortlip achieved what all pitchers dream of accomplishing—that is, pitch a no-hit-no-run game, and thereby enter the so-called "Hall of Fame." "Ray" had his team behind him when they pulled off two double plays. Tobin and Yerger both showed their ability at first, since Hibberd, our stellar first baseman, was on the side lines because of a knee injury. The only runs of the game were scored when "Bob Mac" realized that something must be done if Coach Harvey was to go home in good humor. Whitehead and G. Ortlip were perched on second and third, respectively, when "Bob" smilingly walked to the plate. With the count one and one, "Bob" knocked a perfect single, scoring both runners. Quoth Mr. Harvey, "All's well that ends well."

Jack—"I think she's as pretty as she can be."
Tom—"Most girls are."

SUMMARIZED RESULTS

Schwenksville,	8	Marple-Newtown,	7
Marple-Newtown,	5	North Wales	0
Marple-Newtown,	9	Spring City,	2
Glen-Nor,	6	Marple-Newtown,	5
Marple-Newtown,	4	St. Katherine,	3
Eddystone,	15	Marple-Newtown,	24
St. Katherine,	4	Marple-Newtown,	10
Marple-Newtown,	9	Friends' Select,	0
St. Matthew's,	1	Marple-Newtown,	9
Marple-Newtown,	13	St. Agnes,	2
Marple-Newtown,	6	Nether Providence,	1
Prospect Park,	3	Marple-Newtown,	2
Marple-Newtown,	7	St. Matthew's,	9
Nether Providence,	2	Marple-Newtown,	12
Spring City,	3	Marple-Newtown,	5
North Wales,	0	Marple-Newtown,	2

Pos.	A. B.	Runs	Hits	Put Outs	Assists	Errors.	Average
Ewing, cf.	60	14	19	9	8	4	.317
McLaughlin, ss. ...	61	13	20	8	16	9	.328
Nelson, rf.	54	10	16	6	0	1	.296
Hatton, 3b.	52	21	19	42	12	10	.365
Bradley, c.	51	19	22	154	6	2	.431
Hibberd, 1b.	52	14	18	77	0	3	.342
R. Ortlip, p.....	53	14	20	13	27	3	.377
Whitehead, lf.	41	13	12	6	0	2	.293
G. Ortlip, 2b.....	48	10	11	21	18	7	.229
Yerger	16	3	8	3	0	1	.500
Tobin	3	0	0	4	0	1	.000
Totals	491	131	165	343	87	43	.336

LARCHMONT: 1950 A. D.

"Here it is, right here," I called to my companions who had followed me to the cave in the woods. It was a small cave almost covered with underbrush. We had heard of it and had come to see if it was all it was painted.

We entered the cave, murmuring excitedly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Helen, "It's nothing wonderful."

"I'll bet we haven't seen anything yet,"' I answered.

We explored the whole thing but, at last when we had concluded, had to admit that the long walk had been for nothing. We left.

We had walked for some distance when I became so obsessed with the desire to explore the cave more fully, that I turned back.

When I came to the opening I tripped on a stone, and fell against the wall. A door opened. I walked in. The stone door swung to. I

was imprisoned. A horrible smell pervaded the room. I became dizzy. I swooned.

* * * * *

I awoke. The odor had disappeared. I looked around. The door was still closed. My prison smelled like a tomb. I looked at my clothes. They had become torn and ragged. The stick I had had with me rotted at my side.

I leaned on the rock door. It gave way. I looked out. Through the leaves of the trees the sky could be seen. It was black with clouds of birds that moved in a line. Where one line crossed another there was a stationary object. As it turned one line would move on when the others would stop. It was for all the world like a traffic cop. I looked more intently. It was a traffic cop, an air traffic cop. The birds were airplanes.

"When did they start this?" I thought.

I stepped out into the woods. One could hardly see the cave. The woods had thickened. The path was nowhere in sight.

I heard voices. I hurried toward them. I burst out on an open space where several women seemed to be having a picnic. Two of them seemed familiar.

"Could you tell me where I am?" I questioned one politely, if bewilderedly.

She looked at my clothes. Then turning to her companion with a knowing wink (she was probably thinking of the morning after the night before), she said, "Near Larchmont, are you lost?"

"Not exactly," I replied irritatedly.

"Well, how then?" another wink. "Never mind, we know."

"Do you live near here?" I asked wonderingly.

"Yes, we live on Media Street."

"Media *Street?*"

"Yes. It used to be Line Road," one answered.

"Used to be? When was it changed?"

"About ten years ago. In 1940."

"Oh! I give up. Do you mean to tell me that it's 1950?" I cried.

"I guess so, if I'm any good at addition."

"Who are you, anyway?"

"Oh, I'm Dot Clark, and this is May Steinmetz."

"Dot!" I exclaimed, "You! why you know me, don't you?" I almost screamed.

"No."

"I'm Anna O'Neill," I answered.

"Anna," she threw back her head and laughed, "you *are* kidding us."

"No, I'm not," I protested.

She looked at me more closely.

"Yes," she admitted, "I think you are Anna."

"Does my family live here yet?"

"Yes, do you want to go there?" Dot asked.

"I'll say. You know I feel awfully antique."

"I should think so."

We walked through the woods to Media Street, where a snappy blue roadster was parked. We climbed in and pushed a button. It was a robot-propelled machine, they told me.

We speeded up the pike, where we passed many machines like ours. The elevated thundered over our heads. Against the skyline could be distinguished several skyscrapers. From a nearby hotel came the latest songs, "My Robot Runs My House and Me," "Elevator Blues," and "Can the Canned Food."

We stopped at our house and May and Dot went home. I ran up the steps and an elderly woman came to the door. She recognized me at once. It was Mother.

The stories flew back and forth. I like History now, that is, since 1930. I can't catch up on events. The headline in the paper that I am looking at now reads: "Lindbergh's Third Year as President Starts Off Well." Another reads: "First Trip to Mars Completed."

ANNA O'NEILL.

THE SUBSTITUTE

The booming of the ocean was intermingled with the shouts of the bathers. Now and then, when a particularly large wave hit them, the voices would rise to little shrieks of real or pretended fright.

Under a huge green and purple umbrella, a pretty young lady was daintily stitching pink thread on a lavender handkerchief. At her feet lay a very young boy gazing at her with eyes expressive of a love-sick calf and an adoring puppy.

"Sally, you know, I'm wild about your name—*won't* you go to-night?"

"But, Percy, you know your mother," she faltered.

"She won't care, honest! If she knew you, she'd want me to go for the influence of the—the—you know."

"But, I—reallly, I'd like to, but I ought to stay at home. Oh, I mustn't, Percy."

"Aw, you don't need to stay home. Your old wom—your mother would appreciate my efforts to entertain you," he finished grandiloquently.

A suspicious sound made him look quickly up, but Sally was calmly sewing.

"Aw, you're the nicest girl I ever knew and I think you might." His voice rose to a shaky crescendo.

"You know I love you more'n anybody. You're the only girl I ever loved. Aw—w!" he mumbled, digging viciously in the sand at her feet.

"Well, I guess,"—his hope rose, "I'd better not,"—his hope fell, "but I will anyway," she added triumphantly.

His face shone. "You're the greatest kid!"

The booming of the ocean—the soft music—the silver moonlight streaming across the water——

At a rather large cottage near by, Percy stood listening, horror stricken.

He had answered the 'phone. Sally's soft voice had asked for Jack, his elder brother. What could she want with Jack when she was his? He heard:

"Hello, Sally——What? you aren't going tonight? Why——Oh, the young scamp!——So Percy is going with you?——After the dance, all right——You know I have something for you——You'll find out——'Course I love you, silly——No, I don't mind. Let him have his fun. Well—G'Bye!"

"You——I have been jested with——I——"

"Oh, say," Jack was genuinely sorry, "I didn't know you were there. Well, you might as well know. We've been engaged," he grinned, "since last evening. Oh, well," he added, as Percy stalked away, offended pride showing in every line, "he'll get over it."

Several minutes later Percy walked up the steps to Sally's home. She was on the porch. A few incoherent words and she understood. Suddenly, the door opened, and a girl came out. And what a girl!

"This is my sister Anne." An inspiration came. I wonder if you couldn't take her instead of me?"

Percy stood fascinated by the enraptured glance Anne gave him.

Presently, as they glided as in a dream over the Pink Shell dance floor, he said in husky tones, "Y' know, I'm wild about your name. You're the greatest kid!"

Later he told her the wonderful truth. "Y'know, you're the only girl I ever loved——"

The ocean boomed on.

SUSANNE LODER.

SLANTING EYES

I, Alexander Hamilton, am or was, the most noted detective in Newtown Square. When I and my partner, Oswald Arland, went out in quest of a law-breaker, we were always sure that we would run him down.

One day we read in the newspaper about a murder which was done in Chinatown. Now, I read a book called Dr. Fu Manchu, and this book told just what Chinamen were like and how to track them. Well, we decided to go and round up the murderer.

When we got to Philadelphia we inquired the way to Chinatown. After quite a while we found Chinatown. We thought it was very pretty.

We wanted to make a good impression, so we stuck out our manly chests and walked in a very dignified manner down the street.

After a time I stopped looking at my surroundings and looked at the people. I had a picture of the murderer, so I watched because I thought maybe I would see him.

Soon I got a funny feeling somewhere near the region of my stomach. I saw two men mysteriously disappear into a wall and I had a feeling that I was being watched. I put my chest in a little and made my stride shorter. I looked at Oswald and he looked at me.

"Oswald," I began, "I have a funny feeling in my stomach, right here."

"You have," he said, "Maybe you're hungry. Let's get something to eat." I knew his stomach wasn't feeling right, either.

I went up to ask a man, whom I intended to ask the way to the nearest restaurant, when he disappeared like the other two. I grabbed Oswald's arm. That arm was kind of shaky so I let go of it again. Then we started walking and I noticed that Oswald's knees were bent. They had to be, because they were knocking together so much that he could hardly walk.

At last we came to a place that smelled as if it was a place to eat. So we walked cautiously through the door. We stood inside the door, which had suddenly closed, looking very different from what we did when we stepped into Chinatown.

Nothing happened, so we looked around us. The room had tables and chairs in it and looked like a restaurant. I was feeling very uncomfortable, so I sat down in an inviting chair, while Oswald inspected the room. I watched him and all of a sudden he stopped as if struck. I saw him looking at the wall as if he saw something terrible there. I looked. Did I forget my stomach? I'll say I did. I think if anybody would have offered to take me home I would have given them everything that I had in the world if they had. Now that I think of it I can hardly believe that any man could stand up and look a firing squad in the face, waiting for his death. I could see those terrible eyes in my sleep all that night long. Do you know where those eyes were? They were in a skull where the empty eye sockets were supposed to be. I don't know how long Oswald and I were in that horrible state. First the eyes would look at Oswald and then they would look at me. Sudddenly they vanished, so did the skull. The hidden lights in the room went out and the door opened. That brought us into action, and we just flew out of that door.

That's all I can recollect now, so I will tell you why I wrote this. I wrote it not to remind me of that terrible occasion, but to warn those people who read detective stories to keep foolish ideas about being a detective out of their heads.

CORA HIBBARD.

DOOMED TO DIE

Doctor Weir was hurrying through with a patient that he now had in his office. The door of the waiting room opened and a man entered. The doctor was about to call to him and tell him that he couldn't see him tonight as the office closed at ten o'clock, but he changed his mind. The man sat down on a nearby chair and he seemed to be very nervous as he sat there and waited for the doctor. After the doctor's patient left he spoke to the man and said:

"As a rule I do not see any patients after ten o'clock. But if you can make your visit short you may stay. Come into the office. What is it you wanted?"

As the doctor spoke he noticed the burns on the man's head and hands.

"I want you to put something on these burns; they pain me terribly," he replied.

"What kind of burns are these, Mr. ——?" asked the doctor.

"I would rather not tell you my name; and as for knowing what kind of burns these are, I am afraid I don't really know," answered the man.

"You don't know how you got those burns!" exclaimed Doctor Weir, "why you don't suppose I would believe that, do you?"

"Well, I'm not going to tell you how I got these burns. It isn't any of your business anyway. Please put something on them, Doc, anything to stop this pain; it is driving me crazy," pleaded the man.

"I am sorry, young man, but I can't put a thing on those burns until I find out what sort of a burn they are; if I don't, it is liable to do more harm than good," stated the doctor.

"Ah, gee, Doc, you don't realize the pain I'm going through. And they're coming again tonight at midnight," sighed the man.

"All I can do for you is to soothe them with some cool water," said the puzzled doctor. "Why don't you tell me what sort of a burn it is and how it happened to take place? Who is coming at midnight? Maybe I can help you?"

Doctor Weir was becoming intensely interested in this stranger before him. The young man was getting more nervous and fidgety all the time. He also seemed to be very frightened.

"Oh, well, I might as well tell you; then you can tell the police who I am. But I doubt very much if I shall be living by then," sadly spoke the man.

The doctor moved his chair closer to the man so as to hear everything he revealed.

"They will come tonight at midnight and that will be my end," stated the stranger.

"Yes, yes, but who are they?" interrogated Doctor Weir.

"They were my two buddies and partners," continued the stranger. "They were two good pals and very square but I did them dirt. We promised to stick to each other all the time but I went back on my promise. Then, one night we pulled off a killing job. I drove the car and didn't really have a hand in the killing, but it was me that made the plans for them to pull it off. Anyway, to make a long story short, my two pals, Bud and Fred, left some clue behind them and were soon discovered by the police. I laid low when I heard this and I was too much of a coward to frame an alibi for my pals for fear of being discovered. I was getting the full benefit of the money which they secured on the job, while they were being held for the chair. They were very faithful to me, too, what you would call real pals. They didn't bring my name into it at all, although I imagined the police suspected me of taking part in it; because I had pulled off many other jobs that they probably knew I had a hand in but they could never get any real evidence on me. Bud and Fred waited until the last minute, hoping I would come to their assistance with some form of an alibi. Right before they went to the chair, when they realized that I had gone back on my word, they sent me a letter. It said that just a year from the day they got the chair, they intended to come back and torture me as it had been done to them. It also said that the night before my death they would come and make me suffer; then the following night, that is tonight at midnight, they would end me forever. It is just a year from today that they got the chair. They came last night and they did this from what I now suffer. Now tonight I know it will be the last of me in this evil world. I guess I do deserve it, but I would rather die any way but this way. The thoughts of it are driving me nearly mad," finally ended the stranger.

The doctor didn't say a word for quite a while; he was pondering over the situation. This man before him, so young, had evidently led an adventurous, care-free life. Finally, the silence was broken by the young man saying:

"You can call me Jim; that is what they used to call me. What time is it, Doc?"

The doctor looked at his watch and noticed that it was quarter of twelve; he decided to put the time back an hour, so he replied:

"It is quarter of eleven, Jim. Here, drink this coffee and try to lie down and take a rest for a while."

"I don't want to go to sleep, I would much rather sit up," said Jim.

"I insist you take this coffee and lie down on this couch."

"Well, if you insist, I will," agreed Jim.

The doctor was getting very nervous himself, as it was drawing near midnight. He thought maybe this young man had been burned some other way and had thought his two pals had done it. The doctor's mind was in a whirl. Outside there was a regular storm, the kind that

comes in the month of August. The lightning was like large daggers of electricity coming down from the sky. The rain was coming down in torrents.

The doctor filled his pipe and sat in an armchair on the opposite side of the room from where Jim lay. Jim was rolling restlessly by now. As Doctor Weir was sitting there busily thinking it all over, the lights went out. They often went out if there was a bad enough electric storm. Now, they were in the darkness and it was drawing near midnight. Why did the lights go out tonight above all nights, the doctor pondered. He searched for a candle and lighted it. He looked at his watch; it was one minute before twelve o'clock. The doctor's face turned ghostly pale.

Jim happened to notice the doctor looking at his watch and knew by the expression on his face about what time it was. Jim started to mumble and talk to himself. Just then the doctor felt a draft in the room which caused the candle on the table to blow out. They were left in the darkness at midnight. Occasionally the lightning flashed in the windows which lighted up the room. Doctor Weir had a strange feeling come over him; he broke all out in beads of perspiration. What was this coming through the doorway? It appeared to the eyes of the doctor like a form of two gray figures. The doctor crouched up to the wall; a flash of lightning just then lighted up the whole room. The doctor was certain that they could see him, but instead they went right on past him. Then the doctor knew that they were headed for the couch on which Jim lay. Not a word did they utter. The doctor felt faint; he could smell the burning of human flesh, which was very sickening. Breaking the silence could be heard low moans from Jim. The doctor wanted to get up but found he was helpless. He could feel himself going—silence—all was dark and black to Doctor Weir, who had fainted.

When he awoke he couldn't hear the rain anymore, for the storm had ceased. Glancing over by the couch he saw the still figure of Jim but no one was beside or around the couch. He switched on the lights, went over to the side of Jim; there he lay cold, still and black.

Jim had met his death after all. To this day the doctor nor anyone else has ever found an explanation for the death of Jim. He (Doctor Weir) later found from police headquarters that the story Jim told was true, also that the police were on the lookout for Jim. But everyone thought the doctor was foolish when he told about the figures, etc., he had seen. Nevertheless it is something which Dr. Weir will probably never forget. Some thought it might have been that Jim was killed by lightning. But if this explanation is correct, it is very queer that it should have happened on that night.

Dorothy Clark, '32.

EDUCATION

I have often read and heard of people putting a certain value on every day that a student is in school. Some say it is worth nine dollars a day or some definite amount.

When you sit down and really think it over just how much is it worth to you? We cannot fairly put a price on it. It is something priceless. To me it has an unlimited value.

I do not mean just an elementary schooling, but a high school education. There are a limited number of geniuses and we must all study to obtain knowledge and make our way in the world.

One half the students who leave school at an early age do not go to work but just idle around the home. A child from fourteen to sixteen seeking a position will learn that stark truth that "beggars cannot be choosers." They are immature and an employer will not give them a responsible position because youth is irresponsible.

They are ignorant of business methods and everything in general, and the consequences are disastrous to their employers, themselves, their parents and society.

The work they obtain is that kind which taxes their strength, does not take much brainwork and though they work long hours they receive barely enough for lunches and carfare. And yet some students leave school with the idea that they are going to receive a lot of money, and usually scheme and dream of the big things they are going to do with it! What disillusion, when they find that their meagre salaries are spent before they even get the money!

Of course there are the boys who can learn a trade and gradually work up from an apprenticeship to a good mechanic, but unless that boy goes to night school and learns a little of arts and sciences he will be a complete social failure.

We cannot be "all business". A large part of our lives is spent among our fellow men and it should be our ultimate aim to be found with the best of them. By this I do not mean men of astounding intellect but just the average high school graduate of today.

There are so many changes going on, radio, with wonderful music, new developments in science and art. Books will be read which contain French phrases. The "talkies" with many French and Spanish expressions and moving pictures with historical plots, which will not be interesting if they know nothing about them.

Then there are every day problems, voting, unions, and questions of government for the multitudes to settle because, after all, the government is for their benefit and they should know what they want and the right way to get it.

How are they going to take part in these wonderful things going on around them if they know nothing of these miracles?

They will be outcasts and will be thrown into company which will have little uplifting influence either morally or mentally.

Think it over,—just what do you think an education is worth?

BETTY MCQUISTON.

Miss McCafferty—"Wade, use the word 'gruesome' in a sentence."

Wade—"The boy went to camp and when he returned his mother found that he grew some."

* * * * *

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